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**THE HUNGARIAN NOBILITY.**—There is no country under heaven where nobility is at so low a par, or rather perhaps I should say, on so unequal a basis; and I was so much amused by the classification lately bestowed on it by a humorous friend of mine, to whom I had frankly declared my inability to disentangle its mazes, that I will give it in his own words.

"The nobility of Hungary are of three orders—the mighty, the moderate, and the miserable—the Esterhazys, the Bathyanys, and such like, are the capital of the column—the shaft is built of the less wealthy and influential; and the base (and a very substantial one it is) is a curious congeries of small landholders, herdsmen, vine-growers, waggoners, and pig-drivers. Nay, you may be unlucky enough to get a *nemes* as a servant; and this is the most unhappy dilemma of all, for you cannot solace yourself by beating him when he offends you, as he is protected by his privileges, and he appeals to the Court of the Comitatus for redress. The country is indebted to Maria Theresa for this pleasant confusion; who, when she repaid the valour of the Hungarian soldiers with a portion of their own land, and a name to lend it grace, forgot that many of these individuals were probably better swordsmen than proprietors; and instead of limiting their patent of nobility to a given term of years, laid the foundation of a state of things as inconvenient as it is absurd."

I was immediately reminded by his closing remark of a most ridiculous scene, which, although in itself a mere trifle, went far to prove the truth of his position. My readers are probably aware that none pay tolls in Hungary save the peasants; and it chanced that on one occasion, when we were passing from Pesth to Buda over the bridge of boats, the carriage was detained by some accidental stoppage just beside the tollkeeper's lodge, when our attention was arrested by a vehement altercation between the worthy functionary, its occupant, and a little ragged urchin of 11 or 12 years of age, who had, as it appeared, attempted to pass without the preliminary ceremony of payment.

The tollkeeper handled the supposed delinquent with some roughness as he demanded his fee; but the boy stood his ground stoutly, and asserted his free right of passage as a nobleman! The belligerent party pointed to the heel-less shoes and ragged jerkin of the culprit, and smiled in scorn. The lad for all reply bade him remove his hand from his collar, and let him pass at his peril; and the tone was so assured in which he did so, that the tollkeeper became grave, and looked somewhat doubtful; when just at the moment up walked a sturdy peasant, who, while he paid his *kreutzer*, saluted the young nobleman, and settled the point.

It was really broad farce. The respectably clad and comfortable looking functionary loosed his hold in a moment, and the offending hand, as it released the collar of the captive, lifted his hat, while he poured out his excuses for an over-zeal, arising from his ignorance of the personal identity of this young scion of an illustrious house, who was magnanimously pleased to accept the apology, and to raise his own dilapidated cap in testimony of his greatness of soul, as he walked away in triumph. Cruikshank would have had food for a *chef d'œuvre*.—*Miss Pardoe's Hungary*.

**AFRICAN ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.**—On coming out of my hut at Fandah one morning, I saw the king seated at the gate of his palace, surrounded by his great men, administering justice. At a little distance, on the grass, were two men and two women, who were charged with robbery. The evidence had already been gone through before my arrival. The king was the principal speaker, and when he paused, the whole court murmured approbation. The younger woman made a long defence, and quite astonished me by her volubility, variety of intonation, and graceful action. The appeal, however, seemed to be in vain; for when she had finished, the king, who had listened with great patience, passed sentence in a speech of considerable length, delivered with great fluency and emphasis. In many parts he was much applauded, except by the poor wretches, who heard their doom with shrieks of despair. The king then retired, the court broke up, and the people dispersed. None remained but the prisoners and a decrepit old man, who, with many threats and some ceremony, administered a small bowl of poison, prepared, I believe, from the leaves of a venerable tree in the neighbourhood, which was hooped and propped all round. The poor creatures received the potion on their knees, and before they could be induced to swallow it, cast many a lingering look and last farewell on the beautiful world

from which a small draught was about to separate them. They afterwards drank a prodigious quantity of water; and when I next went out, the dose had done its deadly work. I cannot tell how far justice was truly administered, but there was a great appearance of it; and I must say that I never in any court saw a greater display of decorum and dignity.—*Allan's Views on the Niger*.

**THE PLANING-MACHINE ROOM IN MESSRS FAWCETT AND CO.'S ENGINE FACTORY, LIVERPOOL.**—In this room are valuable and elaborately contrived machines for the planing or levelling of large plates, or other pieces of iron or brass, so as to give them a smooth, true, and polished surface. The article or piece to be planed is securely fixed by screw-bolts, &c. to a horizontal iron table, perforated with holes for the insertion of the bolts from beneath it in any required point, to suit the size or form of the article. This table, when put in motion, travels backwards and forwards with its load on two iron rails, or parallel slides. Over the centre is perpendicularly fixed what is called the "planing tool," an instrument made of steel, somewhat in the form of a hook, with the point so inclined as to present itself towards the surface of the metal to be planed, as it approaches it on the table, so as, when all is adjusted, to plough or plane it in narrow streaks or shavings as it passes under it. The extremity of the tool is about half an inch to three quarters in breadth, and being of a round form at the under side, and ground or bevelled on the upper, presents a sort of point. If a plate of iron is to be planed, the operation commences on the outer edge, and each movement backwards and forwards of the table places it in such a position under the tool, that another small parallel cut is made throughout its whole length. The tool, in ordinary machines of this kind, is fixed so that it cuts only in one direction, as the plate is drawn against its edge or point, which is raised to allow of the backward motion of the plate. A new patent has however been obtained for a great improvement in this respect by Mr Whitworth, of Manchester, and several of his machines are on Messrs Fawcett and Co.'s premises. In these, by a peculiarly beautiful contrivance, the cutting instrument, the moment the plate passes under it, "jumps" up a little in the box or case to which it is attached, and instantly "turns about" in the opposite direction, and commences cutting away, so that both backwards and forwards the operation goes on without loss of time. The workmen very quaintly and appropriately call this new planing tool "Jim Crow." A workman attends to each of the machines; and when the piece to be cut is fixed with great exactness on the moving table by a spirit-level, he has nothing to do but to watch that it remain so, and that the machinery work evenly and correctly. Where a very smooth surface is required, the operation of planing is repeated, and two plates thus finished will be so truly level, that they will adhere together. It should be added, that so perfect are these machines, that in addition to planing horizontally, they may be so adjusted as to plane perpendicularly, or at any given angle.

The planet revolves for ever in its appointed orbit; and the noblest triumph of mechanical philosophy is to have ascertained that the perturbations of its course are all compensated within determined periods, and its movement exempted from decay. But man, weak and erring though he be, is still progressive in his moral nature. He does not move round for ever in one unvarying path of moral action. The combinations of his history exhibit not only the unity of the material system, but also the continually advancing improvement belonging to beings of a higher order.—*Miller's "Modern History philosophically considered."*

**TO PREVENT HORSES' FEET FROM CLOGGING UP WITH SNOW.**—One pound of lard, half a pound of tar, and two ounces of resin, simmered up together. Stop the horses' feet, just before starting, with this, which will prevent the feet from balling.—*Suffolk Chronicle*.

Conscience is merely our own judgment of the moral rectitude or turpitude of our own actions.—*Locke*.

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